

Boston, July 31, 1849.

My Dear Friend:

98 I am delighted at the thought, that the bearer of this may have an opportunity to become acquainted with you, and you with her. Two such women, I sincerely think, are rarely to be met with on earth. Without ceremony, let me introduce to you one of the most devoted in our anti-slavery circle in Boston and its vicinity, Mrs. Eliza Lee Follen, the accomplished widow of the deeply lamented Professor Charles Follen, whose untimely fate on his passage from New York to Boston, a few years since, by the burning of the steamer Lexington, you cannot have forgotten, and whose nobleness of character is quite familiar to you. Allied by birth and education to the higher circles of Boston, she long ago openly espoused the odious anti-slavery cause, and has gone through every trial in the spirit of a moral heroine, unshrinkingly, uncompromisingly. She is a woman of the largest humanity, of fine literary attainments, combining great gentleness and firmness, and alive to every thing that pertains to the cause of suffering humanity. I am sure you will greatly enjoy each other's society, should you be so fortunate as to meet; and she has a strong desire to see one whom she has so long esteemed and loved for her work's sake - i. e. Elizabeth Pease, of Darlington. I wish I could see her too!

Within the past year, the health of Mrs. Follen has been so much impaired, that it was feared by her friends that she could not long survive. She is now better;



and it is hoped that a voyage across the Atlantic, and a change of climate, will completely restore her.

She expects to be absent from us some two or three years — spending most of the time in Germany, among the relatives and friends of her deceased husband. She will reside awhile in Paris, where she will enjoy the society of her very intimate friends, Mrs. Chapman and her sister Miss Weston. She is accompanied by her only son, Charles Follen, who has just graduated with much credit at Harvard University, and who gives promise of being a son worthy of such rare parents; — also by her own sister, Miss Susan Cabot, an excellent and talented woman, and a faithful abolitionist.

Thus our anti-slavery circle is thinning continually, by a kind of colonization process. Who will go next, I will not attempt to surmise. William W. Brown left us a fortnight ago for England, and by this time is probably standing on British soil, acknowledged as a man. Success attend his mission! I insist upon it, Elizabeth, that you and some other friends are bound to come over and see us awhile, by way of reciprocity. Only think how easy it is to glide across the Atlantic! In ten or twelve days from Liverpool, you may be in Boston; and is Boston not worth seeing? — to say nothing of other portions of our "great country." When you come, there will be many made glad by your presence, but no one more so than

Your faithful friend,  
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Elizabeth Pease.







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